

## FOR THE LADIES.

### Leather Now Used for Dress Trimmings.

Choice Recipes, Fashion Hints, Something About Cooking, and Other Timely Topics.

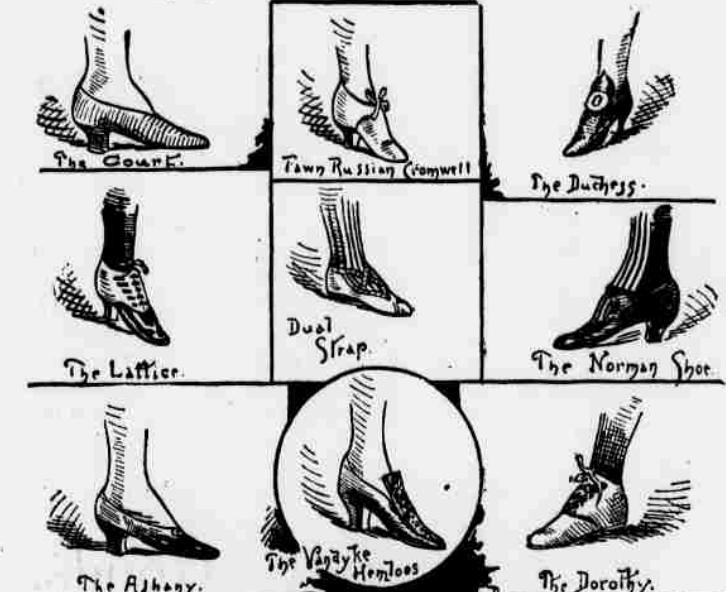


THIS IS VERY FRENCHY—AND VERY PRETTY.

Contentment.  
The moments speed like fairy gifts;  
The sun is kindly bright,  
As through the half-closed lattice sits  
The morning's welcome light.  
The air is balmy and serene,  
Refreshment's night's repose;  
The day is pleasant in each scene  
And tranquil in its close.  
There's beauty passing on the street  
In lawn or velvet black;  
There's poetry in all you meet,  
Of happiness no lack.  
'Tis joy to bask 'neath fortune's smile,  
Though followed by a frown;  
In life's complex I'll live awhile—  
My wife is out of town.  
Washington Capital.

A New Use For Leather.  
One misty, misty morning,  
When cloudy was the weather,  
I met an old man  
Who was all clothed in leather.

To our infantile minds the old man in leather must have presented a comical sight, but when to-day we meet women with two thirds of a gown made of leather we follow it with admiring eyes and think how thoroughly stylish the gown is, for leather this fall will be one of the important trimmings on cloth costumes. A broadcloth costume had an entire undershirt of leather; the long over drapery open on the left side and slightly draped on the right was of a light tan color. A tight-fitting waistcoat was of the bronze leather.



NEW STYLES IN SHOES.

buttoned to the throat with tiny bronze buttons. Over this came a loose-fitting jacket, cut away in front, finished with the bronze cuffs and collar. The cloth toque was trimmed with the same kind, and the dress was finished with the same kind, and was exceedingly pretty. Of course, the bronze-tipped shoes with cloth tops were worn with this costume.

Another striking gown with much leather had the undershirt of bronze leather, with large flowers of the same kind, and was exceedingly pretty. The waist and over-drapery were of a light silk, the waist trimming simply being a band of the leather with the velvet flowers passed around the neck and down each side, and cuffs the same on the sleeves.

A third costume was light gray, trimmed with smooth olive kid. Last of all of these costumes was one with a skirt of pale tan suede, with a tan cashmere; the skirt's cashmere was trimmed with slight fullness across the hips, opened up the sides; these openings were quite far apart, and were fastened into place by large tan suede buttons, five of which were on either side and fastened by loops of the leather. The bodice was a pretty jaunty blouse, with a rolling collar of the cashmere which came to the point of the bodice in front. Inside of this collar was laid folds of the suede, while between these folds were plaits of white crepe de chine, over which was a little plaited jabot.

At the waist line two large buttons were joined together by loops of the suede. The plain coat sleeve was finished by large buttons and little of the suede trimming.

The tendency toward red is growing stronger and stronger, and among the new shades is one called crab apple, resembling the ruddy cheek of the tart little fruit. Another shade resembling the hue of the watermelon takes its name. These two shades are especially pretty in light gauze for evening shades in silk.

Are Men Born Cooks?  
Miss Juliet Corson maintains that if in an average company you select at random a dozen men and a dozen women the masculine group will possess much the more knowledge of cookery. This declaration she backed up in a recent conversation with many illustrations. Go into a restaurant, she says, with a number of men and women. Unless there should chance to be in the company a woman who has traveled extensively and observed much you will never go wrong if you intrust the selection of the dinner to the gentleman. Last some critic should reply that men are more used to restaurant and hotel kitchens and feel themselves more at ease in order. Miss Corson is willing to go a step farther. If it is a case of ordering a nice little family dinner at home, not an average American family dinner, which consists usually of a roast and a pudding, but, say, a soup, fish and perhaps one side dish, the husband, she alleges, will commonly lay out the best bill of fare.

If he is a club man or a man used to

camping out he will cook it better than his wife, but whether he knows anything about the processes of cooking or not he will show more ability in planning a good dinner. Being asked to define a good dinner, Miss Corson said that it must possess three qualifications: It must please the palate, satisfy the appetite and be easily digested. This culinary ability a man does not usually develop, she is of the opinion, until he reaches 35, or, say 40 years of age. At this period of life she accounts for it on the theory that mature men pay more intelligent heed than do women to their food. The average woman cares comparatively little what she eats, as is shown by her common neglect of herself when she has no man to provide for; while the man who is actively engaged in business knows that if he is not fully nourished his work will suffer.

#### Choice Recipes.

##### POTATO SOUP.

Put into a saucepan one-quarter of a pound of bacon chopped fine, six small onions chopped, one saltspoonful of pepper, one teaspoonful of salt and four quarts of water; let all boil half an hour, then add one quart of sliced potatoes and boil until the potatoes are nearly done, then add the chopped kernels from three ears of corn; cook 15 minutes longer, add more seasoning to suit taste and half a cupful of milk or cream and serve hot.

##### ROASTED OYSTERS.

Take oysters in the shell, wash the shells clean and lay them on hot coals. When they are done they will open, when the upper shell can be removed. Serve the oysters in the loose shell, with a little melted butter poured over each.

##### CREAM POTATOES.

Put two tablespoonfuls of butter into a frying pan; when hot rub into it smoothly a spoonful of flour, but do not let it brown; add a cupful of rich milk, and when it boils, a tablespoonful of chopped parsley, pepper and salt; then the potatoes chopped, but not too fine, boil up well and serve at once. Delicious with roast meats, or as a breakfast dish with rolls and coffee.

##### CABBAGE AND MILK.

Cut a cabbage in thin strips, let it soak in cold water for half an hour, then cook in salted water half an hour, turn off the water, and substitute milk; let it stew gently until tender, then season with butter and salt, pour into a deep vegetable dish and grate nutmeg on top.

##### SMOTHERED YEAH.

Place in the bottom of a baking pan three or four potatoes sliced, one small onion sliced, two slices of salt pork cut into strips, season with salt, pepper and sage, place over this three or four slices of veal from the breast, or any other part desired, cover the meat with sliced potatoes, onion and other seasoning, sprinkle over with a tablespoonful

## TRUE INDIAN STORIES.

### Life in Michigan Forests Half a Century Ago.

An Author Who Paints the Savage as he Really Was—Interesting Extracts from the Work.

Mr. Darius B. Cook, a veteran newspaper man of Niles, Mich., has issued a little book which gives an account of his life for six months in 1839-40 among the Indians of Michigan. It is one of the few genuine Indian books in existence. The savage is painted as he really was, and shown to be cruel and treacherous, a thief and a liar, and yet, notwithstanding all these defects, to have some noble qualities when a white man had tact enough to make the Indian his friend. Fifty years ago in November Mr. Cook was told by his physician that if he remained longer in his position on the staff of the Kalamazoo Gazette he would be a dead man inside of six months. The doctor's prescription to Mr. Cook was to go to the woods and live among the Indians for half a year or so, and that by doing that there was a chance of his recovery. The fact that Mr. Cook is alive and well to-day shows the wisdom of the doctor's advice, although the patient, that time had some doubt about his being able to stand the hardships and privations of life among the Indians.

They took with them a sleigh load of bedding and wolf traps and half a dead horse for wolf bait, together with the rifles, ammunition and cooking utensils, and started for the wild forests of Allegan County, and they located in the wilderness in an old log shanty that had been used for making shingles. The shanty was twenty feet square and there was no chimney in it but a fireplace in the corner with a hole in the roof to let the smoke out. The first night in camp was spent amid the howling of wolves around the door of the shanty. In fact the wolves had made this log hut their rendezvous and all night long they kept up the howl that prevented the campers from sleeping. The next day the campers set a number of their traps, and although each trap caught a wolf the wolf managed to get away. At last they fixed their traps to bent saplings when the wolf made a jump the sapling sprung up and kept the wolf dangling on his front feet, and so prevented the animal from getting away. Mr. Cook's companion in this camping-out life was Mr. Rhodes, and each of them had some interesting fights with the common enemy, the wolf.

At one time Mr. Cook went so far from the cabin that he did not return that night, and found when he went to camp that he had but one lone wolf with which to start a fire. This precious animal, however, did its duty, and probably saved his life, for the wolves surrounded the cabin all night and were kept at bay only by the bright fire. Another time the two campers saved the life of a squaw who had been treed by the wolves, and who, by the time they got to her and scattered the animals, was nearly frozen to death. This was the squaw of the great chief Saginaw.

A portion of the Pottawatomie tribe of Indians were encamped about a mile from their cabin. One of the Indians stole a ham from the two campers. They captured the Indian, made him confess to the theft and bring another ham. After that they had no more trouble with that tribe. But on another occasion another band completely cleaned out the camping establishment. They followed their trail and the two men alone jumped in on the Indian camp and told the chief that the stealing must be made. There seemed a possibility of an ugly time for a little while but the chief was in a great rage at the theft, or at least pretended to be, and the Indians promised to give back what was left of the camping outfit and more. One thing that could be said for them was that when they promised a thing they performed it, and four of them left on ponies and bought another set of supplies, which they brought to the camp.

There were other thieves that were not so easily dealt with. One time when the boys got back in the camp they found the cabin occupied by a huge black bear. They suddenly closed the door on the animal, thus imprisoning him, and then they climbed on the roof and watched his rage. They were for awhile the only spectators of his rage, but that was found to be impossible. The bear in smashing things up around the cabin managed to get his paws among the hot coals on the fire and then there was a circus.

Saginaw was a great chief and had fought with Tecumseh in the war of 1812. Another member of the tribe was Judson, who was the Indian agent. He had been educated by Gen. Cass and was a young man of a great deal of ability, who spoke both Indian and English fluently. He proposed one time that they would prime up old man Saginaw with whiskey and get him to tell his campaigns with the British in 1812. They brought a reasonable amount of whiskey with them and at first Saginaw would not talk, but as he warmed up to his work he gave them an account of the death of Tecumseh. The Indians said, was shot dead by Col. Johnson. He was not skinned, as has been said, but was buried by Saginaw and his friends. His pipe was secured by Saginaw and the tomahawk fell into the hands of Noonday, who was the Saginaw when Mr. Cook and his friends were camping out there. As Saginaw proceeded to drink more whiskey and to relate the atrocities of the Indian campaign he became more and more excited and seizing his scalping knife made such demonstrations that the young men thought it best to step outside and cock their rifles. It took the combined efforts of three of Saginaw's squaws to calm the old man down and after pacifying him with presents of tobacco the young men got out of the story-telling episode without trouble, in which they were remarkably lucky, for the old man's scalping fever was on him.

The chief, Noonday, gave Mr. Cook the last speech of Tecumseh as it was delivered by that great chief, standing on a log, just before the battle of the Thames. He said, "Warriors, we are all armed for the conflict. The Americans are our enemies and they seek to deprive us of our loved homes. They seek to destroy us. The British are our friends. They will give us our homes and make us happy. This land belongs to the red warriors and the American would rob us of this and send us beyond the Wabash. Let us defend our homes. The scalp we gather in this war will offer to the Great Spirit. Follow me and victory is ours." Speaking of this speech at the end of his book, Mr. Cook says: "Tecumseh was right when he delivered his speech to his warriors just before the battle of the Thames. He foresaw their destiny and his predictions have been fulfilled. An inferior race must yield to a superior who have no respect for rights. Another century will wipe out every vestige of the Indian race on the American Continent."

Our artist, who is a married man of experience, submits the above design in stained glass as appropriate for a library or smoking-room window in the residence of a young married couple.

Cheerfulness keeps up a kind of daylight in the mind filling it with a steady and perpetual serenity. —Addison.

## and they will only be known in history.

### Morganatic Marriages.

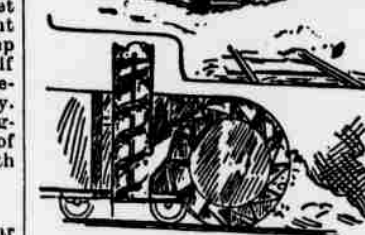
Prince Alexander of Battenberg is by no means the first Prince who has married beneath him. Putting aside the time honored if somewhat problematical case of King Cophtus, there are the most distinguished precedents for a prince falling in love with a lady whom he is not allowed to marry without a diminution of status.

The late Emperor William I., when a young man, was desperately in love with a lady, who, though of ancient and noble lineage, was not of royal birth. The Prussian authorities looked upon the proposed match as constituting a serious danger to the established order of the universe and it was abandoned.

Prince Alexander's father, upon whom the salvation of a kingdom did not rest, married a lady whose parents were not princely and who became the mother of a family which Alexander of Battenburg as one of the manliest princes of the age does every credit.

These unions are described by the perhaps mysterious terms "morganatic," which may, perhaps, be well to explain. There was an ancient custom by which the bridegroom on the day after the wedding gave his bride a morning gift—morganagabe.

In the case of a nobleman wedded to a wife of low estate this morning gift constituted the wife's portion or endowment and from this gift such marriages took the name morganatic. The German law, continuing this tradition, allows the members of a reigning house and of certain noble families to contract marriages in all respects legal and valid except that it gives to the partner of lower birth and to the children no share in the rank, titles and distinctions of the privileged house. Such marriages have often been eminently happy ones.



Snow-Plowing Extraordinary.

The man who invented the snow-plow, shown herewith, was evidently at some time or other snow-bound in a railway train on the plains and didn't enjoy it. He threw his whole soul into the subject and, if his invention works, should be given a perpetual free pass between Pensacola and Alaska. A model of the above was exhibited last week at the Buffalo fair.

Understood the Owner.

"Your reference to the bantering style of doing business calls up many funny reminiscences," said an old merchant to a Utica Observer man. "I must tell you of one occurrence that took place in a neighboring country store. The proprietor was noted for being particularly affable and obliging to his customers, and he had a clear-headed and smart young man for clerk. One day one of the best customers of the concern called to buy a dress pattern. The price was seventy-five cents, and after a long talk the clerk closed the bargain at seventy cents.

While the clerk was selecting trimmings, etc., in another part of the store, the senior proprietor came along rubbing his hands, inquired after the family of the customer, praised her taste in selecting that particular line of goods, and as a special favor to a good customer let her have it for sixty-eight cents. The clerk returned and the lady told of the reduction the proprietor had made. The clerk was furious, but not in the least disconcerted. He saw that if the customers thought that he was selling higher than other stores the store they would avoid him and his discharge would follow. So he says: "I just looked at the bill and can sell you that piece at sixty-five cents a yard."

"When the deal was completed the proprietor was as angry as I am. 'Do you know that I made the price sixty-eight cents?' said the proprietor. 'Yes,' said the clerk, 'but I want you to understand that no man can undersell me in this store.' 'He kept his job.'"

A Fly-Catching Rat.

Almost any evening during the summer people passing the wall-paper store of Henry Lehman, at No. 1108 Douglas street, Omaha, may witness the singular and interesting actions of a medium-sized and cunning-looking rat. According to the proprietor the animal makes its appearance after the store is closed for the day, or soon after six o'clock, and its favorite resort is on the ledge inside of the large plate glass window. It engages largely in the pursuit and capture of the flies that buzz about the lights upon the window glass within reach of its active little front feet and its hungry mouth. It is remarkable to see how rapidly the little creature can capture flies. It devours a fly with a few quick crunches and then goes, and then comes away to get another one. The rat will sometimes spring clear off all four feet and swipe a fly from the window to the ledge below, where it pounces upon it as quick as a flash, and seldom lets a victim escape. The animal's captivities in this pursuit until darkness comes on or some one scares it away from its favorite feeding grounds. This makes the third summer that this rat has followed fly-catching in the window of the clerk. Two years ago one of the clerks put a brand on it which is plainly visible.

A Most Generous Soul.

The late William Thaw, of Pittsburgh, who died the other day, leaving a fortune estimated at \$20,000,000, was a most generous philanthropist. The fame of whose good deeds appears to have been confined within narrow limits. It is said that he dispensed \$5,000,000 during his lifetime in charity, and the greater part of this sum he distributed at his own door to poor people who came to ask alms. It was his custom to draw a generous amount of money in small bills from his bank every morning, and for an hour in the forenoon he relieved the necessities of all who came to his house. He would then go to his office and give an hour to the same form of charity each afternoon. Outside his private office he had benches placed, so that all comers might sit while waiting, and the unfortunate were ushered in one by one. He had a cordial greeting for every one, and it was rarely that anybody went away empty-handed. He had a special place especially warm in his heart for discharged convicts and another for a woman with a baby. Of course he was frequently victimized by sharpers, but those who abused his charity never partook of it again.

## STUCK A FORTUNE.

### A Newspaper Carrier Who Won \$30,000 in the Louisiana State Lottery.

In a neat little brick cottage, at No. 2407 Le Salle street, resides the happiest and most contented little family of Germans that could be found in many a mile's hunt. It is the home of Charles Meinhardt, his wife and little 6-year-old daughter. Only a few months ago, Mr. Meinhardt was in tolerably fair circumstances, now he is what may be called the Jay Gould of West St. Louis. In short, at the last drawing of the Louisiana State Lottery he held a tenth part of the number 87,733, which drew the capital prize of \$300,000. A Star-Sayings reporter called at the residence of Mr. Meinhardt this morning. Mr. Meinhardt was out on some speculation, but his wife met the reporter and said: "We are now a very happy family. We won \$30,000 and got every cent of it a few days ago. It was a very lucky thing, and we have only been playing in the lottery for about four months. I have been buying all the tickets, but I got them under my husband's name. I bought this lucky one and took \$2 out of his pockets to buy it, and I'm glad I did it now. My husband will continue to carry papers, but he will invest in real estate to a considerable extent. I would like to see somebody else do as well as we. We intend to play a little every now and then."

Two other gentlemen of this city held one-twentieth tickets and each drew \$15,000, one through the Lafayette and the other through the Fourth National Bank. Besides the above luck of St. Louis, there are any number of people holding numbers for similar prizes. The heaviest winners at this drawing were all in pretty fair circumstances, and now that they have acquired sudden wealth, intend to have a pretty good time out of it. Two of them are investing in real estate in the West. Mr. Meinhardt, while still carrying papers, is contemplating a trip to the old country with his family.—St. Louis (Mo.) Star-Sayings August 28.

From New Gravestones.  
A new collection of poetical epitaphs contains the following:  
One who ye seldom notice  
That lead to the heavenly shore;  
Our father suffered in passing through,  
And mother weighs much more.  
Our papa dear has gone to heaven  
To make arrangements for eleven.  
The winter snow  
Congealed his form  
But now we know  
Our uncle's warm.  
We can but mourn our loss.  
Though wretched was his life,  
Death took him from the cross—  
Erected by his wife.

Her Face Was Her Fortune.

She was as pretty as a picture, and so animated and lively that it did not seem to look at her. She was all this but she is not now. Poor soul, the roses long no more in her cheeks, the former luster of her eyes is gone. She is a worn-begone looking piece of humanity now. She has one of those troubles so common to women and needs Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It recuperates the wasted strength, puts the whole system right, restores the roses and the luster and makes the woman who the once was, bright, well and happy. "Favorite Prescription" is the only medicine for women. Sold by druggists, under a positive guarantee, from the manufacturer. The price is \$1.00 per bottle, except to draw his ration and drink whisky. But then, of course, there must be some employment found for the Secretary of War.

There never was an ugly man who did not excite his looks by thinking that he was smart.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria. When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria. When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria. When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

Some people you like until you find them out, and others you do not like until you find them out.

First—All Flits stopped free by Dr. King's Great Nerve Restorer. No flits after first day's use. Money refunded. Treatise and \$2.00 trial bottle free to all. Send to Dr. King, 215 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

Flatter a girl by calling her a woman; flatter a woman by calling her a girl.

If afflicted with sore eyes, see Dr. Isaac Thompson's Celebrated Eye Water.

Do a man more than one favor, and he will expect it as a regular thing.

If not above being taught by a man, take this good advice, try Dobson's Electric Soap next Monday. It won't cost much, and you will then know for yourself just how good it is. Be sure to get no imitation. There are lots of them.

A man with the bust head will promise himself anything.

A lucky man is one who saves what he earns.

Old Smokers Prefer "Tanall's Punch" Cigar.

A wise man is one who has been often deceived.

HAL'S CATARRH CURE is a liquid and is taken internally, and acts directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free. Sold by Druggists, 75c.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O.

A Most Generous Soul.

The late William Thaw, of Pittsburgh, who died the other day, leaving a fortune estimated at \$20,000,000, was a most generous philanthropist. The fame of whose good deeds appears to have been confined within narrow limits. It is said that he dispensed \$5,000,000 during his lifetime in charity, and the greater part of this sum he distributed at his own door to poor people who came to ask alms. It was his custom to draw a generous amount of money in small bills from his bank every morning, and for an hour in the forenoon he relieved the necessities of all who came to his house. He would then go to his office and give an hour to the same form of charity each afternoon. Outside his private office he had benches placed, so that all comers might sit while waiting, and the unfortunate were ushered in one by one. He had a cordial greeting for every one, and it was rarely that anybody went away empty-handed. He had a special place especially warm in his heart for discharged convicts and another for a woman with a baby. Of course he was frequently victimized by sharpers, but those who abused his charity never partook of it again.

## Looked Like a Whole Row of 'Em.



Denver Man (looking at bridge warning)—Say, partner, they must have had quite a hangin' bee here lately. See the ropes left arter they cut the catwalkers down?

Omaha Man—Yes; wish we had been here. I hev not kep' very well posted, but I was under the impression that they had not hung the Cronin murderers yet. Guess I hev missed a paper or two.

A Fairy Tale.

A famous woodsman once boasted that he could find his way through a wilderness and return by the same path. Being tested, he carried with him a slender thread, which should serve as a guide for the journey. Reaching the end of his journey, he lay down to rest. While he rested came the genius of industry and brought upon his thread and changed it to two shining ribbons of steel. It was a railroad. Throng of people whirled past him in luxurious cars, and he read upon the train the mystic legend: "Wisconsin Central."

The man who feels around in the dark for a door, and gets an arm on each side of it, occupies the time of a recording angel for fully five minutes.

"The days of miracles are past." That may be, and yet some of the most wonderful things ever witnessed by the human family have occurred within the last decade. Not the least of these wonders is the success which the agents of B. F. Johnson & Co., Richmond, Va., are meeting. Write them for particulars. They will show you how to work wonders.

Nothing ever catches a young man greater surprise than to find out that some one has fallen in love with his sister.

Out of Sorts.

Is a feeling peculiar to persons of dyspeptic tendency, or it may be caused by change of climate, season or life. The stomach is out of order, the heart beats out of time, the mind is confused and irritable. This condition finds an excellent corrective in Hood's Sarsaparilla, which, by its regulating and toning powers, soon restores harmony to the system, and gives that strength of mind, nerves and body, which makes one feel perfectly well.

I have used Hood's Sarsaparilla in my family for three years, and have taken it personally with great success. It has always built up my system, giving me a good appetite, has cleared my skin, and has made me sleep. I have suffered from nervous prostration, and have been cured by nothing but Hood's Sarsaparilla, and occasionally a few of Hood's pills. G. F. JENNINGS, Surgeon of Public Schools, Cincinnati, O.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. It is six for \$5. Prepared only by C. I. Hood & Co., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass. 100 Doses One Dollar.

SICK HEADACHE.

Positively cured by these Little Pills. They are sold everywhere. Treatise from Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, in digestion and food. For all ailments, send for free. For all ailments, send for free.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

CARTER MEDICINE CO., NEW YORK. Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

Lo Deprived of All His Fun.

The Secretary of War will station a troop of cavalry at Fort Still to prevent the Kiowa Indians from indulging in a war dance. One by one the innocent pastimes of the noble red are being taken from him. Little is left for him now except to draw his rations and drink whisky. But then, of course, there must be some employment found for the Secretary of War.

There never was an ugly man who did not excite his looks by thinking that he was smart.

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F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O.

## ST. JACOBS OIL.

SURE CURE. CURES PERMANENTLY NEURALGIA.

Intense Pain in Face.

Little Rapids, Wis., March 2, 1893. My wife suffered with such intense neuralgia pains in the face; she thought she would die. She bathed her face and head with St. Jacobs Oil, and it cured her in four hours. CARL SCHIEDEL.

AT DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS.

THE CHARLES A. VOGELER CO., Baltimore, Md.

"MOTHERS' FRIEND"

MAKES CHILD BIRTH EASY. SHORTENS LABOR. LESSENS PAIN. DIMINISHES DANGER TO LIFE OF MOTHER AND CHILD.

BRADFIELD REGULATOR CO., ATLANTA, GA.

ALL DRUGGISTS.

TRAZER'S

WINDY

WINDY

WINDY

WINDY

WINDY

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